

THE ARGUS.

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Friday, November 19, 1915.

Rock Island—From River to River

By way of return compliment, it would be a nice thing if Mr. Root would suggest Mr. Taft for the presidential nomination.

In republican circles the east seems to be just as much pleased with a western candidate as the west is with an eastern candidate.

So far as "divine right" is concerned, the emperor of Japan has it on all rulers of Europe. He's no less than the first cousin to the gods.

The automobile does a whole lot for every fellow fortunate enough to have one, but every fellow who has one does a whole lot for the automobile.

With Mrs. Ella Flagg Young quitting the job of superintendent of schools in Chicago, the newspapers are going to lose a lot of human interest stories.

Indiana's cabbage crop this year is only half of last year's, we are told. This has been attributed by some to cold weather, Charles Warren Fairbanks having remained at home through the summer instead of going to the seashore, as is his custom.

It has been discovered that Mrs. Galt, the president's fiancée, has bought part of her wedding trousseau in Paris. In order to prove her neutrality it will now be necessary for her to place similar orders in the capitals of the other warring nations.

Lord Lansdowne officially admits that a crisis exists in Greece, the cables today say. If this promiscuous publicity continues the subjects of King George in time will discover that their country really is in danger and that it has been receiving some pretty hard jolts at the hands of the Germans.

Governor Spry may or may not have made a mistake in declining a further postponement of the execution of Joseph Hillstrom, the industrial worker, at Salt Lake City. Yet it seems the least he could have done, under the circumstances, was to have allowed President Wilson time to explain his reasons, if he had any, for delaying the carrying out of the death sentence.

LABOR NOT DISHEARTENED.

The American Federation of Labor, in starting an international peace movement based upon humanity, hopes for success where others have failed. The very fact that such a movement is favored by labor at this time is encouraging. It shows that the complete defeat of similar movements fostered by European labor and socialist organizations has not discouraged belief in ultimate success, says the Springfield News. Before the war of nations inflamed the world, internationalism was preached and practiced by thousands of workers in Germany, England, France and other countries. It was frequently remarked by writers that national hatreds were giving place to class feeling without respect to boundary lines. At the outbreak of the war, however, sentiment changed overnight. The preachers of internationalism became the exponents and defenders of the most radical nationalism the world has ever seen. But perhaps they were merely overpowered by numbers. It is possible that if given proper encouragement, they would rise to assert their old doctrine. The international movement proposed by the American Federation is not radical. It recognizes nations and national interests, but believes that humanity is broader than these and apart from them. Such a movement must appeal to labor in the warring nations and may be an important factor in effecting a permanent peace.

THE CLINCHING ARGUMENT.

When bids were opened in Washington this week on superdreadnoughts for the navy it was found, and it occasioned no surprise, that proposals submitted by private concerns were far in excess of the government estimates. And the government, in its estimates, made allowance for a margin of profits it felt the outsider was entitled to.

One explanation for the fattened bids was that the concerns which would have to supply the materials and turn out the various parts that go to make up a battleship are rushed with orders from the European nations at war. They have work that will keep them occupied for upward of two years. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of these statements. These sea fighters can be erected at federal shipyards at a price far below that at which the private concern is willing to build them, even

were it not handicapped by foreign contracts. The war combination in this country, as in every other nation, has been taking enormous profits from the government treasuries for decades. Its purpose is to continue to do so in the United States unless the government increases its own facilities for building its own war vessels. We have in this country an organization of pretended patriots calling themselves the navy league. The stated purpose of this body is to get behind congress with a view to keeping the nation prepared on the sea.

The navy league, if we are to believe persons who ought to know what they are talking about, is the mouthpiece of the men that plunder the United States treasury through contracts for navy vessels and ammunition. The government has been spending millions annually on its army and navy, with fat profits to those patriots, yet they tell us that the country is woefully unprepared.

It seems generally agreed that the nation should be better prepared to defend itself on land and sea than it is at the present time. But there is no particular rush. The facts brought out by the bids just opened in Washington only tend to further support the argument and strikingly vindicate the sentiment that the young fourteenth district congressman, Clyde H. Tavenner, has been advancing with such telling force since he entered the national house—and even before—to have the government become its own builder and manufacturer and get the benefit of the millions in profits that have been laded out these many years to the "patriots" whose profession it is to keep their country constantly on the verge of war.

AGITATION AND BUSINESS.

Nobody with any pretension to intelligence disputes that there was business depression in the country during the period in which the new democratic administration was readjusting tariff schedules in 1913. Democrats will not deny that this depression continued, in a lesser degree, in 1914. That the lowering of tariff schedules itself had a direct bearing on this condition, however, does not necessarily follow; for the same could on the part of republicans would compel admission of the well-known truth that the country saw even worse depression in 1907-8, when the protective tariff was at its zenith. The fact of the matter is that in spite of the protests of the protectionists, not a single American industry has given positive indications that the Underwood tariff has brought it any genuine hardship.

The plain inference is that the source of business disturbance during the period of tariff revision and immediately following the new schedule's adoption was due primarily to uncertainty. Agitation—suspense—brought about a period of doubt well defined by the president—regardless of the sarcasm of the paragraphers—as "psychological" depression.

It is evident that the injection of the tariff issue into the forthcoming presidential campaign can only result in a further disturbance of conditions, just at a time when the country is beginning to enjoy a tremendous sweep of prosperity in practically every line of industry and commerce. So influential and conservative a publication as the New York Journal of Commerce—representing a high tariff clientele—has already begun to protest against the opening of the tariff question at this time as foolhardy. Agitation, persisted in and supplemented by incessant calamity waiting, may easily influence that sensitive factor of business, "psychology," until even natural and logical prosperity cannot withstand the pressure.

The business interests of the country, save those which seek unjust privileges in the form of excessive protection, have nothing to gain by a fresh agitation of the tariff issue in the face of thriving conditions under the present schedule. It is not impossible that they will be called upon to utilize, with a new meaning, the cry of the petty industries of protection of 1912—"Let well enough alone."

WIDER USE OF SCHOOLS.

One of the changes being argued by Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president, in her present lecture tour of the middle west, is that the public schools again become a forum of debate—a place where the public may gather and listen to and participate in discussions of questions of public interest.

She would draw the line at school houses being used by political parties for partisan purposes, but urges that inasmuch as the public school building is the home of public education it should not be confined to the use of children when in fact it is used but a comparatively small portion of the time for this purpose.

It is but a few years since the debating society—now referred to most frequently in a spirit of mirth—was an incident associated with most school buildings, but this custom as well as the equally common custom of holding public gatherings there has for some reason become obsolete. A return to the old arrangement has much to commend it in the interest of social intercourse and is not lacking in advantages of economy.

Miss Wilson's argument is in line with the ideas of prominent educators who urge a bigger return to the public from the hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in school buildings. At Rock Island, for instance, with its large school plant, there is an increasing tendency to use the schools more than merely five hours a day. Much is still to be done, however. The public is gradually coming to see that the largest and best and most expensive public buildings in the city should be put to their greatest possible use so as to yield the greatest possible returns.

Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

PATRIOTISM, PLUNDER AND PREPAREDNESS.

By Allen Benson in Pearson's.

The Navy league was organized for the purpose of inducing the government to put an extra half billion of dollars into the army and navy at the next session of congress. The father of the league is Colonel Robert M. Thompson. Perhaps you do not know him. Perhaps your neighbor does not know him. To you and the American people, he is but a name—a noble name, it is true, because it is preceded by a military title which, of course, suggests patriotism and willingness to die for one's country. And, in inviting certain men to meet at luncheon June 6 last to discuss and later to organize the Navy league of the United States, Colonel Thompson seemed to be hurrying only with love for the great and glorious United States.

It is possible that you may be interested in knowing who were some of the gentlemen who helped organize the league and what are their business connections. If so, here are the facts. Mr. Morgan was present. Something has already been said in this article about the extent to which war is enriching him. As to him, I will quote only another paragraph from the Chicago Tribune article:

How much money Morgan is making out of his job as American minister of munitions to the court of St. James, is the merest conjecture. Some say the amount is so stupendous as to be almost inconceivable.

Thomas W. Lamont, who was also present, may be referred to as "Patriot No. 2." Mr. Lamont is Mr. Morgan's partner and is financially interested in everything that concerns the Morgan firm.

Patriot No. 3 was William H. Porter. Mr. Porter is Mr. Morgan's partner.

Patriot No. 4 was Henry P. Davison. Mr. Davison is Mr. Morgan's partner.

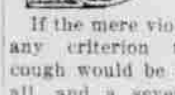
Patriot No. 5 was Charles Steele. Mr. Steele is Mr. Morgan's partner.

Patriot No. 6 was Paul D. Cravath. Mr. Cravath is a member of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company, which is and has been one of the greatest beneficiaries of the war in Europe.

Patriot No. 7 was Elbert H. Gary. Mr. Gary, as everyone knows, is the chairman of the United States Steel corporation, which furnishes most of the steel out of which shrapnel is made and gets other odd jobs as a result of the war—among others, an order from the Russian government for \$25,000,000 worth of rails.

An interesting coin recently presented to the Deseret museum in Salt Lake City is a "Wood's halfpenny," which was struck off in Ireland during the reign of George I. The coin was found by a Mormon missionary while digging in the back yard of the mission headquarters in New York city.

A new method of violin construction adopted by James H. Ingram of South Carolina is to make the back and belly of any strips of wood converging on the center of the instrument, thus making it possible for the vibrations to follow the grain of the wood in all directions when the instrument is played.



WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

The Depth of a Cough.

If the mere violence of a cough were any criterion the purely nervous cough would be the most alarming of all, and a severe pneumonia cough would scarcely deserve any attention at all.

A great many people come complaining of a "cold on the chest"—whatever that may mean. They feel a "tearing and a pulling at their very vitals" and every time they cough. And, locating the lesion by the symptoms, as is the way with popular diagnosis, they conclude that there must be something the matter with their lungs or bronchial tubes.

As a matter of fact about nineteen out of twenty cases of "cold on the chest" coming to the doctor for relief are either troubles of the larynx or something higher up, and not in the chest. A simple irritation in the roof of the throat (the pharynx) will cause a cough that seems to come from way down in the very base of the chest, and a mild laryngitis will be accompanied by the most frequent and emphatic, if not elephantine cough you ever heard.

Somebody is always asking us to prescribe for cough, in spite of our rules and regulations, and notwithstanding the fact that a cough is only a symptom which comes from one cause in one case and from a very different cause in another.

However, in order to appease the demand and save the country, we here present what we believe to be the most efficient all-round cough medicine for domestic use.

This is the formula:

Citrate of soda 1 ounce

Powdered licorice 1/2 ounce
Flaxseed meal 2 ounces
Glycerin 4 ounces
Chloroform 1/2 ounce
Water enough to make 1 quart.

First boil the flaxseed in the water, gradually stirring it in. After half an hour let it cool, then add the licorice, the glycerin and the chloroform. Shake the mixture thoroughly several times in the course of the day. The following day, strain through fine muslin and keep tightly corked. The dose is a teaspoonful every hour or two for a child over three years; for an adult a tablespoonful every hour or two.

By the way, this cough medicine never cures. It only helps to soothe and relieve irritation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Save the Castor Oil.

Is castor oil a safe remedy for constipation in a three-months-old baby? If not, what would you suggest?

Answer—No, never give a baby castor oil without a doctor's advice. It establishes a constipated habit, being famous for its after-binding influence—and useful in cases of diarrhoea for that reason. The diet should correct the constipation. A letter of advice about feeding babies will be mailed you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

Light, Knitted Wool.

Please state what kind of underwear is best for a clerk in a store in the winter time.

Answer—Light-weight knitted all-wool, with woolen socks.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

MOLINE youth was stopped the other day by a policeman for failure to have a bell on his machine, as required by city ordinance. The lad pointed to a sign hanging on the side of his wheel: "Bell applied for." The copper let him pass on.

VICE President Thomas R. Marshall has evidenced his warm friendship for the president's fiancée by sending her a Navajo Indian chief's blanket as a wedding gift.

THE Chicago critics are crowing over "The Cock o' the Walk," a new play in which Otis Skinner is appearing.

THAT Denver girl who was a party to a proxy marriage found ample grounds, upon her arrival in Java, to prove that her "husband" was a gay deceiver.

CHICAGO woman, suing her husband for nonsupport, became hysterical while on the witness stand and shook apparently with sobs, but no tears came. "I don't blame a husband for leaving home under some circumstances," said the court, as he dismissed the defendant. Evidently the judge took it for granted that the complainant was pulling one of her studied emotional scenes.

ODELL, Ill.—J. M. C.: Did you know that Joseph C. Krippel is a resident of this town? I might add that he is one of the liveliest men here.

F. C. B.

Another's Opinions.

A wasted opportunity comes home to roost.

A fool and his money make a noise like a good thing.

Air castles are built on a foundation of impossibilities.

Musie isn't necessarily broken because it comes in pieces.

People who do things can afford to let others do the talking.

A man thinks he has many sins of omission and but very few of commission.

There is a difference between keeping boarders and having boarders keep you.

There is at least one thing women can do that men can't—and that is say "good-by" gracefully.

The longer a man lives in a community the more money his neighbors owe him—or else the more he owes to his neighbors.—Chicago News.

FURTHER proving that there is nothing in a name, the steamer Luck went down in the lake with all on board the other day.

GOTHAM claims a population of 5,499,982. These figures likely include the buyers and chorus girls waiting for an engagement.

PHILADELPHIA has had a "Soft Pedal Week." It is said the plan increased the sale of rubber heels at a marvelous rate.

CAP Streeter is to make his vaudeville debut in Chicago next week. His managers assure the public that he will do nothing more serious than shoot the bull.

CHARLEY Chaplin better look a little bit out. Chicagoan jumped 13 stories down an elevator shaft the other day and escaped with a fractured ankle and a broken digit.

PEORIA laundry was burglarized this week. Poor place to attempt cleaning, say we.

"MRS. Holst was shot in the lunch wagon," says a Chicago paper. Serious, if true.

Editor Takes No Chances.

Joe Mullens came into the office on Monday, and said very sarcastically: "Some newspaper this is, ain't it? Didn't you know there was a big son down to our place a fortnight ago?" We do not doubt Joe's word in the least, but some parents are so touchy it is not our custom to publish such items hastily. However, our society editors will look into the matter.—Belmont (Mont.) News.

AN exchange asks: "What becomes of all the old huggies?" Our impression has been they were turned over to the states.

"A MAN from La Porte City put a dollar in his jeans, purchased a round trip ticket at the interurban station to Waterloo, bought a nickel cigar, had a 20-cent lunch and got back home with a cent left," says the Waterloo Times-Tribune.

"I AM no politician," says former President Taft. That makes it unanimous.

Chance for a Steady Job.

Wanted—Lady cook at the Never Sleep restaurant.—Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

THERE is one detail of the forthcoming White house wedding that appears to have been settled. The groom will wear the conventional black.

A Woodmen Joke.

The first Modern Woodmen joke has been pulled. It was dug from an eastern newspaper by F. O. VanGilder, editor of the society's official organ. Here it is:

Hotel Waitress—"Are you ready to give your order?"

Woodmen Official—"Yes. What have you?"

Waitress—"Well, how would a chop strike you?"

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Sammis, the Elevator Boy—By M. Quad.

"I didn't stand in with the elevator boy," has been the wall of more than one tenant who has vacated his office for other than financial reasons.

The elevator boy—the elevator boy! If you have ever been a tenant of a skyscraper, then it is needless to tell you that he is the real boss of the shebang. It is good to meet a newcomer who knows it to be a fact, because it saves time and trouble to both parties. I was pleased when old Mr. Beerschamp took a room on the eighth floor and hung out a sign of "Commissions." He didn't lose a day in coming to an understanding with me. As soon as I was off duty he called me up and parted me on the head and said to me in a fatherly way:

"Sammis, I have been a tenant in several skyscrapers during the last 10 years, and I know something of the power and influence of the elevator boy. Let us come to an understanding right at the start."

"Yes, sir."

"You are fatherless, Sammis?"

"I am."

"And you are making heroic efforts to pay off a mortgage and support your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then permit me to be a father to you. That is, come to me for advice. Come to me when you want a quarter. Come to me when you are sad and the tears are ready to start. It needn't be known all over the United States that we have adopted each other, but our affections will be just as deep and profitable to each other. You look out for your adopted father—your adopted father looks out for you. Here's a dollar for the mortgage."

"I thank you, sir," I said.

"And now as to your understanding, Sammis. There is a Mrs. Beerschamp. She is a good hearted woman, but old fashioned in her ideas. She is also inclined to be jealous. She does not know the exact position of my office, and it will be just as well if she does not find it out. Not that I would deceive the good woman in any particular, but her presence would interrupt business."

"Yes, sir. I know. When a man's wife is sitting around the office he can't fix his mind on stocks and bonds and real estate. I've seen 'em try it, and they always fail."

"Exactly, my adopted Sammis, and here's 50 cents more on the mortgage. You have the head of a man on a boy's shoulders. Mrs. Beerschamp may call here some day."

"I understand, sir. Leave it to me to discourage her."

I thought there were tears in my adopted father's eyes as he put his arm around me and said he had unbounded confidence in me. Everything went

along as smooth as grease for a week, and then Mr. Beerschamp advertised for five typewriters. I don't know why he did it, as the kid in the office said business was very dull, but the elevator boy should not theorize when his adopted father's interests are at stake. He didn't put his name to the ad, but Mrs. Beerschamp dropped to it somehow and came down to see. There must have been at least fifteen road looking typewriters in Mr. Beerschamp's office when she struck the elevator at the first floor.

"Bub, I want to go up to the eighth floor," she said, as she shoved me aside and crowded into the elevator.

"Never you mind the room. How many typewriters have answered that ad?"

"You mean the subscription book agent's ad, ma'am? I think I have taken up three cross-eyed girls this morning."

She made a cuss at my ear, but I dodged and started the elevator. Between the seventh and eighth floors I tried to bring about a "stick," but she grabbed me by the hair and said:

"No tricks, bubby, or there'll be a spanking match here."

I landed her at the eighth and saw her kick Mr. Beerschamp's door open. I had scarcely got down to the first floor again when the typewriters began coming down the stairs. It was about an hour before Mr. and Mrs. Beerschamp came downstairs. As they got into the elevator she said to him:

"The idea of an old jay like you acting in this way is a shame and a disgrace, and I tell you it has got to come to a stop. I wish I could have got hold of all of them. Oh, I'm on to your little rackets, and after this I either come down and sit in your office all day or you don't have an office."

Mr. Beerschamp, poor old man, sort of slunk up into himself and hadn't a word to say in reply. He looked at me, however, and it was such a look of reproach and sorrow that I didn't sleep two hours that night. When he came down next morning Mrs. Beerschamp was with him, and I didn't get a chance till the afternoon to tell him that I had done my best to prevent the calamity.

"Yes, I believe you. You were loyal to your adopted father, but there are some things beyond us, Sammis—way beyond—and Mrs. Beerschamp is one of them."

Poor old Mr. Beerschamp! He is still with us, and so is his wife, but I can see that he is failing every day and cannot believe that he is long for this world. Some folks imagine that there is naught but hilarity around a skyscraper, but there are also breaking hearts and shattered hopes you may take the word of Sammis.

Sidelights on the European War

Twente, The Netherlands.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The textile trade, one of the principal industries in Holland, is suffering at a loss from both Germany and Great Britain, the first of which refuses to provide sufficient dye-stuffs, while the latter restricts the supply of the raw materials required to keep the Dutch spindles going.

Ever since August, 1914, the various branches of the textile trade here have experienced difficulties in keeping mills at work. At first there was a certain amount of raw stuffs on hand to furnish the looms which were kept busy by the orders from the Dutch military authorities for clothing for the rapidly mobilized Dutch troops.

Then, however, came restrictions on imports and exports, which was accompanied by depression in the home purchasing market.

This district is the center of the textile trades. In the immediate vicinity of Twente in normal times 27,000 looms and 300,000 spindles are busy and for the most part they depend on foreign countries for raw materials. Altogether in Holland there are engaged in the textile trades 370 power factories and 2,500 other works where purely hand-labor is employed. In these concerns about 44,000 people earn their living.

Up till a few years ago much of the men's and women's ready-made clothing sold in Holland came from Germany, but recently Dutchmen have applied themselves to this trade, which, at the beginning of the war saw itself almost entirely in Dutch hands. People in this country have been forced, however, to economize by the prevailing conditions and the clothing manufacturers have felt the pinch of the war just as much as any other branch of the textile trades.

"There are two essential points: First, do not despise small orders; treat the \$100 order with the same respect as if it was for \$100,000. Second, use extreme caution when quoting prices. They should be the very lowest that your business can stand. There should be no question of how much you can get, but of how much you can sacrifice in order to secure the customer."

London.—In connection with the accident to King George, who sustained severe injuries in a fall from his horse, the London papers recall the precautions that were taken last Napoleon should appear at a disadvantage on horseback. The emperor was not a first class horseman, and his horses were always specially trained. Here is a description of the methods employed:

"They were trained to remain perfectly steady under tortures of every description; to receive blows about the head; drums were beat, pistols and fire-crackers were fired in their ears, flags waved before their eyes, clumsy packages, and sometimes even sheep and pigs, were thrown between their

legs. None was deemed sufficiently trained until the emperor could, with out the least difficulty, pull them up short at full gallop, which was his favorite pace."

Berlin.—The man who probably is the oldest to serve actively in the German army is 87-year-old Chief Hospital Inspector Engel of Thale, who went through the campaign of 1870-71 as hospital inspector, then became barracks inspector, retired five years ago on a pension and then enlisted for the present war. He was first called upon to organize a hospital in Osnabrueck, and then was put in charge of the institution in Thale, with its 483 beds.

Max Metzger of Landau of the Palatinate, aged 70, another veteran of 1870, is one of the comparatively few whose son and grandson are actively serving along with him in the war. He volunteered from Karlsruhe last fall, and now is a non-commissioned officer in the Grenadier Body Guards. His son, Siegmund Metzger, aged 44, is a corporal in a force stationed at Karlsruhe. The latter's son, 17 years old, is a non-commissioned officer in a Baden infantry regiment now at the front.

London.—Along with the rise in the price of nearly everything else, the telegraph rate in the United Kingdom will probably soon be raised. It is reported that the postal authorities—the telegraph lines are government-controlled in Great Britain—are considering increasing from twelve to eighteen cents the rate for sending a 12 word message, address and signature to be counted as words as heretofore. The 12 cent rate has been in force 30 years.

Vienna.—Prof. Ernst Ludwig, one of